

DOG THAT GOES VISITING.

Regular Round of Morning Calls Made by Canine in New York Town.

"There's a dog in our neighborhood," says a lady who resides on one of the residence streets uptown, reports the Utica (N. Y.) Observer, "that has a regular round of visits to make every morning."

"I find out by comparing notes with a number of my neighbors that this particular dog makes a visit to each house every morning, and to some places he makes a call each afternoon. He is a good-natured fellow, and he will come in, get greatly pleased to see those who talk to him, accept with gratitude any bit of sweet or little morsel of meat that happens to be left from the breakfast, stays around a few minutes and then goes on to the next house, where he goes through the same programme. I suppose he makes the trips because he gets something to eat at each place, and is petted and made a good deal of by all the women and children."

"There have been some changes in the neighborhood this spring and some of the old friends moved away, but that never bothered this dog. He made early calls upon the new families, and without the formality of an introduction. Within a week he had them all upon his calling list. I have watched from the windows many times, and I find that he makes his calls in regular order."

AN EXPENSIVE OCCUPATION

Collecting Signatures and Letters of Historic Value Takes Much Money.

Autograph hunting is a sport hard to understand, writes Andrew Lang, in Longman's Magazine. Somebody has paid \$300 for a draft of a letter written by Mary Queen of Scots. Where is the value? It is a long letter, perhaps 2,500 words, in the queen's large, legible hand. But it had been published in a photographic fac-simile, with text and translation in print, and every drop of historical information had been wrung out of it by Father Pollen, S. J. If the original draft had then been burned, nobody would have been the poorer, except the heirs of the late Mr. Scott, of Halkhill, the owner. His family generously presented Father Pollen's admirable edition to the Scottish Historical society a year ago, so it is not the novel historical contents that make the seven pages of old paper sell for \$300. I hope that the purchaser of a small parcel of state papers of 1575, about a robbery of jewels from Queen Mary when a prisoner, will print the contents, as they may have artistic, if not precisely historic, interest.

SOME DIMINUTIVE ARMIES.

That of Monaco Has But 150 Soldiers—Several Others Less Than One Thousand.

Hachette's Almanach gives the statistics of the smallest armies of the world. The smallest of them all is that of Monaco, with 75 guards, 75 carabinieri and 20 firemen, says Stray Stories.

Next comes that of Luxembourg, with 135 gendarmes, 170 volunteers and 39 musicians. In case of war, says the laws, "the number of volunteers may be temporarily raised to 250."

In the republic of San Marino they have universal compulsory service, with the result that they can put into the field nine companies, comprising 950 men and 38 officers, commanded by a marshal.

This, however, is the war strength of the forces. On a peace footing the republic can only put out a company of 60 men on the parade ground.

In the case of the republic of Liberia, the most striking feature is the proportion of officers to privates. There are 800 of the former and only 700 of the latter. None the less the republic issues proclamations of neutrality when war breaks out between the great powers of Europe.

How They Break the Egg.

Birds while still in the egg have a sharp, horny spike attached to the upper part of the beak, by means of which they are assisted in breaking out of the shell. This prominence becomes opposed to the shell at various points in a line extending all around the egg at about one-third of the egg's length from the large end. It makes a series of little holes, thus weakening the shell, and when the chick arrives at a certain stage of strength and development it has no difficulty in breaking out. In the common fowl this little weapon drops off a day or two after it is hatched, but on the penguin and birds that are fed by their parents it sometimes remains for two weeks.

Britain's Loss by Emigration.

During the half century from 1853 to 1903 over 13,000,000 people emigrated from the British Isles, and of this immense number the great majority went to swell the population of the United States. Happily, in quite recent years the tide of emigration has set in more strongly toward the Dominion of Canada; but even last year 80,000 people from these islands entered the United States, carrying with them at least £1,000,000 in hard cash and in all probability more than twice that amount.—London Post.

All Lost.

The doctors were holding a consultation over the case.

"Gentlemen," remarked the physician in charge, "I am unable to discover any change whatever."

"Then we might as well give him up," they remarked, in chorus.—Kansas City Drovers' Telegram.

"I wouldn't get so sore just because a fellow called me an ass."

"Neither would I, if that's all he'd called me. But he called me a pig-headed ass, and I want it understood that I'm no sideshow freak."

Editor—See here, why don't you write a joke about this weather?

Jokesmith—You've got a blamed poor idea of what constitutes humor!

Mrs. Slush—What is the dearest remembrance of your honeymoon, love?

Mr. Slush—The hotel bills.

"NOT ALUM, BUT ALIMONY"

Woman Reporter Fats It All Over Smart Young Man Who Tries to Be Funny.

The new reporter was a woman, and the first who had appeared in the city room of that paper within the memory of the oldest reporter, relates the New York Tribune. She was a smart looking person of about 30, who wore neat, severe, well-fitting clothes, mannish boots and gloves, and walked with a swing that made one invariably look up when she passed.

She sat at the next desk to Rice, a bright, cheery young fellow from up state, who had been on the paper for a year, and so felt a right to consider a woman's entrance into the office an intrusion. Nobody paid much attention to her for some days, until she was sent to Rice by the city editor to get some information.

The other reporters sat round and watched Rice explaining things to her. She took it in rapidly with an airy nonchalance which nettled that young man. When she had assimilated all the information she thanked him with a profound bow and flashed a diamond solitaire in his face in a most impudent way.

Rice accepted her challenge at once and, touching the ring with his finger, he straightway raised it to his lips with a show of tasting it, and made the terse remark:

"Alum!"

"No, young man," replied the young woman, sternly, but with a twinkle in her eye: "Not alum; alimony!"

From that day the city room accepted her at par value.

ANTS BORE THROUGH ROCK

Cable Laid in Concrete Trough Suffers from Depredations of a White Species.

The engineers in charge of a telegraph line at Hong Kong were surprised recently by the discovery that about seven miles of their cable, though it was well protected and laid underground in a concrete trough, had been severely damaged. For the greater part of the length oval holes had been bored right through the casing down to the copper wire itself.

It was agreed, says the London Spectator, that insects must have been the author of the mischief, though what kind of insects was not obvious. It might be possible to find one which enjoys perforating lead. But these insects seemed to have drilled the holes, not in order to make a passage, but by way of making a meal! They had taken a dinner of six courses, consisting of first of tarred rope, then of lead, then of twisted rope, then of tape, then of hemp fiber, and lastly of india rubber. The copper strand had been too much for them.

Portions of the damaged cable were sent to the Natural History museum with a hope that some opinion might be given, and the oracle replied that there could be very little doubt that the damage was caused by white ants. Specimens of their peculiar forms of appetite and industry are kept in the museum, which show not only that they will eat lead, but will also bore through hard sandstone rock.

QUEER CURE FOR OLD AGE

Bulgarian Recipe for Preparing Milk a Remedy Against Growing Aged.

Curled milk of a special kind, prepared only on a Bulgarian recipe, is now supposed to be a remedy against growing old, says a Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph. M. Xavier Dybowski has made a communication on the subject to the Academy of Medicine. The substance is called yaghurt, and can now be obtained in this in Paris. It is supposed to be death to all the inimical bacteria in the intestines, while those friendly microbes to which Prof. Metchnikoff pins his faith positively adore it. Hence the property of yaghurt to prolong human life to what is its normal span—a century or so. The substance looks very like ordinary cream cheese gone bad, and tastes similarly. The solid portion is mixed with a white, thin liquid, which is exceedingly sour. People who wish to live to a hundred breakfast off yaghurt exclusively.

Self-Reliance of the Jap.

Whether we look to the dockyards which she has built for the making and repairing of her own fleet, to her strenuous maintenance of her own agriculture and industry or to her self-reliant retention of the financial responsibility for her own undertakings, we find revealed the same determination to stand independent and self-contained. It is a patriotism so comprehensive that it can stoop without loss of dignity to the consideration of the minutest detail and it holds the secret of the great victory which seems to be opening up before the youngest of the nations.—London Express.

Hard to Keep Track of Them.

"Do you remember, dear," he asked, as they sat down on one of the rustic seats at the summer resort, "that I cut our initials on this tree behind us three or four years ago?"

"Why, no, George," she replied. "I don't remember that. Are you sure?"

He arose, walked around the tree, and inspected the bark closely.

"Yes," he said. "It's the tree, all right, but it was another girl."—Chicago Tribune.

Few White Women.

White women are scarce in the German colonies. There are only 254 in East Africa and 229 in the German islands in the Pacific ocean.

Kwoter—What's in a name? Bangcrapt—A lot. All my property is in my wife's.

Pittsburg Citizen—Isn't this smoke perfectly terrible?

Pittsburg Visitor—Oh! I don't know. It hides the streets.

"Do you believe that we will have a chance to repent after death?"

"Sure I do. But it won't get us anything."

Scarborough—Insurance.

A LONG MOVING TRIP.

HOUSE MOVED FROM OHIO TO INDIAN TERRITORY.

Doctor Much Attached to Domestic, and When Changing Residence Transplants It Also—Was Torn Down.

Cleveland, O.—Dr. C. E. Bryant, a local physician, has just completed a May moving job that is perhaps without a parallel in this part of the country. He has moved a 15-roomed house from Cleveland to Indian territory. His wife's mother was moving to his home with him, and she wanted her old homestead to go with them. So it went.

This feat was accomplished quietly and successfully. There was no demonstration, no delaying of traffic and no creation of excitement. This task which seems so Herculean was performed so easily as to destroy the romance that one feels ought to belong in the picture.

The house that traveled from Ohio's metropolis to the southwest stood in Harkness avenue in the East end. It belonged to Mrs. Austin Beckwith, widow of Wells Beckwith, and was her home 35 years. She bought it from the original Harkness, now dead, laid out his farm in lots.

When it came to moving the house was torn down with as much care as marks the moving of a piano out of a flat. Its fragments were indexed, classified, tied together and packed.

Only two men were employed on the work. They worked slowly, but with precision. Finally the "debris" stood about the premises ranged in neat bundles of boards, timbers, joists, frames, etc. These were bound with straps of metal, wire and in the conventional packing case methods. As each came out of the house it was numbered.

The lumber was hauled to the railroad and packed into a freight car. Then it started for its destination, accompanied by a car which was loaded with the household effects.

Mrs. Beckwith, at whose request this strange form of moving was adopted, explains it in this way:

"We liked the old house, of course, but it wasn't sentiment alone that made us move it. Dr. Bryant was moving to Indian Territory to live permanently and we wanted to dispose of the property on Harkness avenue. We sold the lot, and the people who bought it did not want the house. Of course they offered to buy it, but they would have had to tear it down and sell it for old lumber. They were not willing to pay for it what it was worth as a house."

"So we decided that we would take it with us. If it was only good for lumber anyway and had to be torn down by somebody we thought that we might as well be the ones to tear it down. The house will be rebuilt in Muskogee precisely as it stood in Cleveland. We will modernize it somewhat and add a few improvements, but otherwise it will not be changed."

It is stated by the Bryant family that their "new" home will have cost them less than had they bought new lumber and built a new house in their new home.

"When we are settled in our new home it will be some satisfaction to know that we are still in our old house," said Mrs. Beckwith.

COW SUIT HAS COST \$1,000

Several Trials Had in Contest Between Owner and a Railroad—Comes Up Again.

Fort Wayne, Ind.—There is soon to begin in the superior court here the suit of James Sutton against the Grand Rapids Railroad company for damages caused by the killing of the plaintiff's cow at Wallen four years ago. The railroad maintained that the cow had intruded on fenced territory and refused to settle.

Sutton sued before a justice of the peace and recovered a judgment of \$37.50. The case was appealed to the circuit court, where the jury gave the plaintiff another verdict for \$37. The costs had amounted to \$90, besides attorney fees. The defense had asked for a struck jury when the case, a new trial having been granted, was about to begin and the plaintiff withdrew the suit to begin over again on another line.

This imposed another cost of \$70 on the road, which, having asked for the jury, must pay for it. The case was renewed and judgments given, new trials ordered, etc., until now it is about to begin again here for its fifth trial, with scores of witnesses summoned. The cost to the defense has been over \$600 and to the plaintiff over \$400.

Dinner and a Little Change.

One day a well-dressed stranger called at a Lawrence hotel, relates the Kansas City Journal, and told the landlord that he was broke and very hungry. The landlord took him to the dining-room and gave orders for the dinner. When he got up from the table a \$20 bill dropped from his handkerchief which he drew from his pocket. A waiter picked it up and handed it to the landlord, who confronted him with the fact and at once took out 75 cents (25 cents is the regular price) and returned \$19.25 to the stranger, who was apparently dumfounded and speechless. Later on the vigilant landlord learned that the bill was counterfeit.

Hammer and Tongs.

A Berlin surgeon says American surgeons use the knife too often, to which an American colleague retorts that that is why they are too busy to use the hammer.

Hobson's Choice.

"Bad teeth," says an English authority, "lead to appendicitis." Choose now between your dentist and your surgeon.

Mr. Jawback—Why are you not wearing your wedding ring?

Mrs. Jawback—I wore it out, doing housework!

Billy Goat—I had a swell dinner today.

Nanny G.—What was it?

Billy G.—Dried apples and water.

Judge—You don't know any law.

Lawyer—Well, I'll be hanged?

Judge—Yes, you will if you ever have to defend yourself.

Get Japalac at Garrett & Ayres.

GAVE THE RIGHT NAME.

Curious One for a Ship, and It Brought Ridicule Upon Those Who Questioned It.

Boats trading in the Medway in former years rejoiced in rather curious names, and the following, says the New York Tribune, was only one of the many amusing incidents resulting from this:

A boat named What's That to You? passing a dockyard at night time was hailed, as usual, by the coast guardsman.

"Boat ahoy! Your captain's name?"

"Capt. X—"

"And what are you laden with?"

"Coals."

"Where bound for?"

"Chatham."

"Ship's name?"

"What's That to You?"

"I asked you the name of the ship?"

"What's That to You?"

"You shall be reported for your insolence," roared the coast guardman. Again he put the question, and, receiving the same reply, the boat was commanded to remain where she was.

In the morning two boats were seen keeping guard. The officials, as they boarded the vessel with full authority to seize the offenders, observed for the first time the name painted in large letters. Amid the laughter and jeers of the crew of the What's That to You? they pulled moodily away.

SEIZED HIS ONLY CHANCE.

Long-Suffering Husband of Woman's Rights Lecturer Rises to the Occasion.

"Is there a man in all this audience," demanded the female lecturer on woman's rights, "that has ever done anything to lighten the burden on his wife's shoulders? What do you know of woman's work? Is there a man here," she continued, folding her arms and looking over the assembly with superb scorn, "that has ever got up in the morning, leaving his tired, worn out wife to enjoy her slumbers, gone quietly downstairs, made the fire, cooked his own breakfast, sewed the missing buttons on the children's clothes, darned the family stockings, scoured the pots and kettles, cleaned and filled the lamps, and done all this, if necessary, day after day, uncomplainingly? If there be such a man in this audience let him rise up! I should really like to see him."

And in the rear of the hall, relates the Novel Magazine, a mild looking man in spectacles, in obedience to the summons, timidly arose. He was the husband of the eloquent speaker. It was the first time he had ever had a chance to assert himself.

FEMININE FEET OF WORLD.

Those of American Women More Shapely Than Those of Other Nationalities.

"The American woman's foot is the prettiest," said the shoemaker, relates the Minneapolis Journal. "It is at once slender and robust and very shapely. The instep is high and beautiful. In a word, a perfect foot—charming and serviceable alike in a pink satin slipper in a ballroom, or in a white, rubber-soled shoe on a tennis court, or in a stout hobnailed boot on the side of the Jungfrau or the Matterhorn."

"The Frenchwoman's foot comes next. It is long and slender and elegant, but weak. No good for service. Very ornamental. A foot for show. The Spanish foot is small and its instep high and arched. Here, too, there is not enough strength. There is a tendency to softness, and in later life to fat."

"The German foot is larger but shapely and strong. It resembles the American foot, only it is much bigger. The English foot is the—well, is the limit! It is long, it is bony; it has no instep; it wears its shoe over on the side. Nowhere in the world will you find a race with such ugly feet as those of the English."

Origin of Lloyd's.

Two centuries ago a man who had a cargo to send to the Mediterranean contrived to get rid of some of the risk by inducing a friend to take an interest with him. It was necessary to write out a statement of contract to which the guarantors subscribed; this was the first underwriting. These two men happened to be frequenters of Lloyd's coffee house in London, which was a favorite place for the merchants of the town to gather to discuss business or to gossip. Others immediately saw the advantage of the scheme which their colleagues had devised and on the next voyage the risk was parceled out among a larger number of the patrons of the coffee house. Out of this small beginning has grown the great European maritime agency, still bearing the name of the humble coffee house proprietor, and which not only writes risks on vessels, but rates them and publishes their arrivals at every port the world over, no matter how small or how remotely situated.—Mexican Herald.

Knew the Sex.

The old Mr. DeJones has asked me to marry him. Would you advise me to accept?

The Man—But you don't love him.

"How do you know I don't?"

"If you did you wouldn't ask my advice."—Chicago Daily News.

Betwixt and Between.

Grandpa—Oh, come, come, Tommy! You're setting too old to cry like that.

Tommy—Well, then, I w-wish I was old enough to say what you did when you hit your finger with the hammer.—Judge.

Buggies.

Calvert Bros. sell the most reliable and up-to-date buggy in town. The factory from whom they purchase has been in business for over 30 years and all vehicles are strictly guaranteed in every respect.

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Get Japalac at Garrett & Ayres.

COURTSHIP FOR HEALTH.

The Outdoor Exercise and Air During the Love-Making Period Is Good.

An old physician recommended what he humorously termed the "courtship cure," relates Cassell's Monthly.

Many married folk, he pointed out, look back regretfully to their bright, active and buoyant feelings when they were young lovers. They do not realize that their robust health in those days was not merely a question of youth, but was due in great measure to their daily walks and pastimes in each other's company, and to the fact that they had then sympathies and interests in common.

After marriage many couples abandon their healthy outdoor pursuits, and neglect to entertain and cheer each other up, as they did in courtship days, and this has a prejudicial effect upon the health.

The benefits of courting were so thoroughly realized by a certain young health seeker that, it is said, he indulged in no fewer than seven courtships, in order to have the advantages of female companionship on his walks. When the young ladies eventually found out the real motive of his attentions they dropped him, the damsel, in one case, sarcastically remarking that she wished to qualify for a wife and not a nurse!

THE BRIGANDS OF ITALY.

Are Not Quite So Bad as Some Excitable Tourists Try to Make Them Appear.

A German gentleman was one evening riding along the public highway near Imola, when his horse threw him and bolted. He picked himself up and lighted a match to see what time it was, but found that his watch had stopped. Just at that moment two bicyclists hove in sight, and he went forward, making signs for them to stop, but the men pedaled furiously out of sight. About two months after the gentleman was reading an account of travel in Italy, when he came across the following passage:

"One evening we had an adventure with a brigand. We were bicycling near Imola, when a brigand in a long dusty cloak suddenly sprang from the ground and with a small lighted torch, which he flourished with furious gestures, demanded our watches. We with great agility, but by the skin of our teeth, avoided the ill-intentioned fellow, and shouting that we had no watches made off as fast as we could, whether followed or not we did not wait to see."

STINGY WITH DOLLAR SIGN

Mutilated Character Finds Favor with Some Writers, But Is Wrong.

"I was reading a magazine article the other day in which the cost of certain staple commodities was quoted in every other line," said the man of experience, relates the New York Press. "As soon as I began to read I was struck with some peculiarity in the type that made me feel uncomfortable, but I worried through half a dozen pages before I found out what it was. Finally I discovered that somebody had been experimenting with the dollar mark. Instead of using the two vertical lines that constituted the framework of the dollar mark I had been accustomed to, that magazine had grown stingy and had limited the sign to only one line."

"Since then I have seen our most precious symbol thus mutilated in several publications. I wonder if it is going to be the style to write it so hereafter? I hope not. I don't like it. Typographical eccentricities of any kind are seldom welcome; a dollar mark minus one of its familiar props would be least popular of all."

A CROCODILE SUPERSTITION

Washing of Mosquito Net in Borneo River Followed by One or More Deaths.

The superstition that deaths by crocodiles are the inevitable result immediately after a curtain has been washed in the river has been constantly confirmed, says the North Borneo Herald.

A curious note upon this superstition appears in the monthly report of W. B. Smith, district officer at Timbang Batu, North Borneo. He says: "Two crocodile fatalities have been reported, and there have been several narrow escapes. Toward the end of December the enlightened authorities at Pangkalan Bandau sent up an aged Chinaman to Timbang Batu under arrest for having washed his mosquito net in the river. A woman was taken in the same place by a crocodile a few hours later, a coincidence which greatly enhanced his 'guilt,' while adding, I am afraid, fresh authority to the superstition."

The Only Way.

Mamma—"Tommy, dear, you mustn't be so naughty. When mamma tells you not to touch the jam, you should obey her. What would you do if your mamma should be taken away from you?"

Tommy—Die?

"Yes, dear."

"I'd eat that jam, you bet!"—Cleveland Leader.

In a Puritan Village.

"I'm afraid your children don't have much pleasure."

"Well, I don't know. They are allowed to walk in the graveyard every Sunday."—Life.

Dr. M. E. McManes

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FAIRVIEW.

June 26, 1905.

Our farmers are busy harvesting the golden grain between showers. B. F. Faris and son, Bertsey, attended the funeral of his uncle, Geo. Stevens, at Pricetown, Friday.

Virginia Gbler visited her aunt, Mrs. R. Harrison, one day last week. Miss Sophia Robinson, of Hillsboro, is the guest of Pearl Handley this week.

Mrs. Mary Richardson and daughter, Mrs. Dean, of Willettsville, attended church here Sunday.

John Welty and Lewis Orebaugh and wife were visitors at Joseph Stroup's one day recently.

Rev. S. C. Pierce, wife and daughter were entertained by Mrs. Handley Sunday.

The Sunday School Convention of Union township convened here Sunday afternoon and held an interesting meeting. The re-organization for officers for the following year is as follows: President, Henry Froust; Vice-President, F. Sinclair; Secretary, Mrs. Virginia Jonte; Treasurer, Alfred Cadwallader. The next meeting will be held at Sharpville.

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Roe's cheeks and lovely hair,
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